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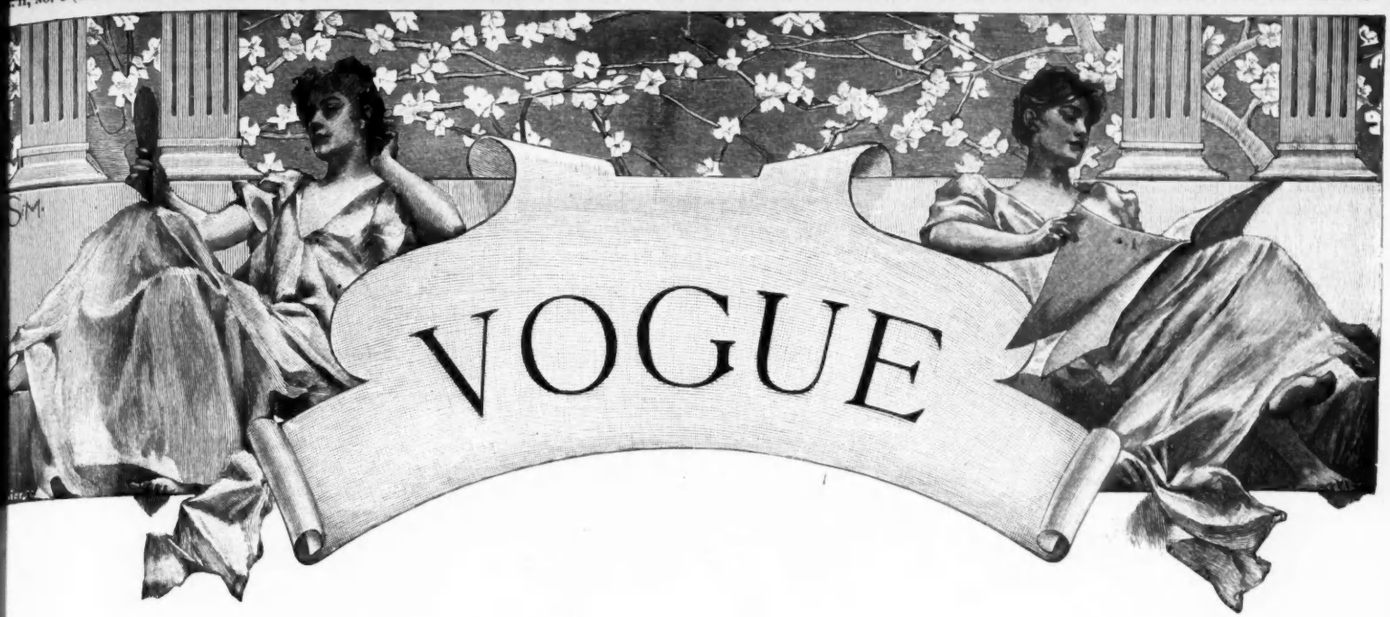

Vol #2
I-8

A HEN-PECKED ONE'S VIEW OF THE CALAMITY

NO SAND: "I am grieved my dear C., to hear that you have lost your wife."
CHADBAND: "Nay, my friend, not lost, but only gone before."
NO SAND: "Dear, dear; is it as bad as all that?"

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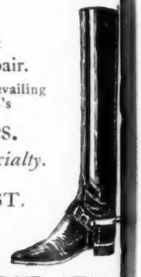

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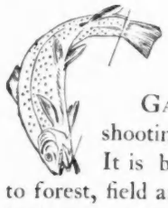

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XUM

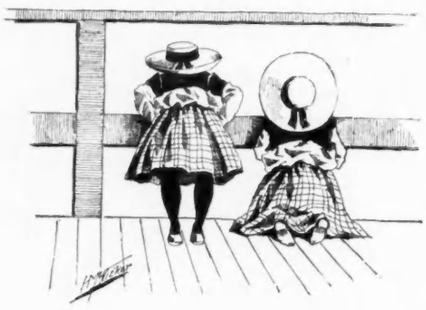
VOLUME II, NO. 8 (WHOLE NO. 36)

VANITY FAIR

O Where, O where
Is Vanity Fair?
I want to be seen with the somebodies there.
I've money and beauty and college-bred brains.
Though my 'scutcheon's not spotless who'll mind a few stains?
To caper I wish in the chorus of style
And wed an aristocrat after a while.
So please tell me truly, and please tell me fair,
Just how many miles it's from Madison Square.

It's here, it's there
Is Vanity Fair.
It's not like a labyrinth, not like a lair,
It's North and it's South and it's East and it's West.
You can see it, O anywhere, quite at it's best.
Dame Fashion is Queen, Ready Money it's King.
You can join it, provided you don't know a thing.
It's miles over here and it's miles over there,
And it's not seven inches from Madison Square.

Tom Hall.



MOTHER'S VISION

BAby lies on Mother's arm,
Warm and happy, safe from harm,
Half asleep and half awake.
As the light and shadow shake
Down upon them through the trees,
What is it that Mother sees?

A tiny white-frocked child that runs to meet her
With eager stumbling feet;
A little voice that rises clear to greet her
In accents sweet.

A sturdy blue-eyed boy, the child grown older,
Who, tired at last with play,
Still comes to rest his head on Mother's shoulder
At close of day.

A laughing school-boy, light of heart and clever,
An athlete bold and rash;
The college, and its years of strong endeavor—
A dim moustache!

Look no further, Mother, pray,
Yesterday was once to-day—
Present will too soon be Past—
Kiss him, clasp him, hold him fast,
As a miser guards his gold—
Baby is but three months old!

S. St. G. L.

LATE FOR DINNER

WE sit alone in the dim lamp light
And watch for my lady gay;
My vis-a-vis looks never a look,
Her eyes are blind for aye.

The smoke has scattered above our heads;
The lamp on the oaken floor
Throws many a shadow quaint and odd;
My heart chills to the core.

* * * * *

No foolish sigh in the evening air,
No sorrow my heart puts on—
My neighbor is only a pomme de terre,
And I am a champignon.

J. J. M.

SAME METHOD

FRESHLEIGH (to stranger at a reception): "Gad, this is a funny house! I came here to-night without an invitation."

STRANGER: "So did I. How did you come here?"

FRESHLEIGH: "Just walked in. How did you come here?"

STRANGER: "Just walked in. It's my house."

A SUMMER TRAGEDY

THe drama ends to-night, and side by side,
Like phantoms in the moon's pale light, they roam;
The feeble flame that Cupid lit has died,
Upon the morrow she will leave for home.

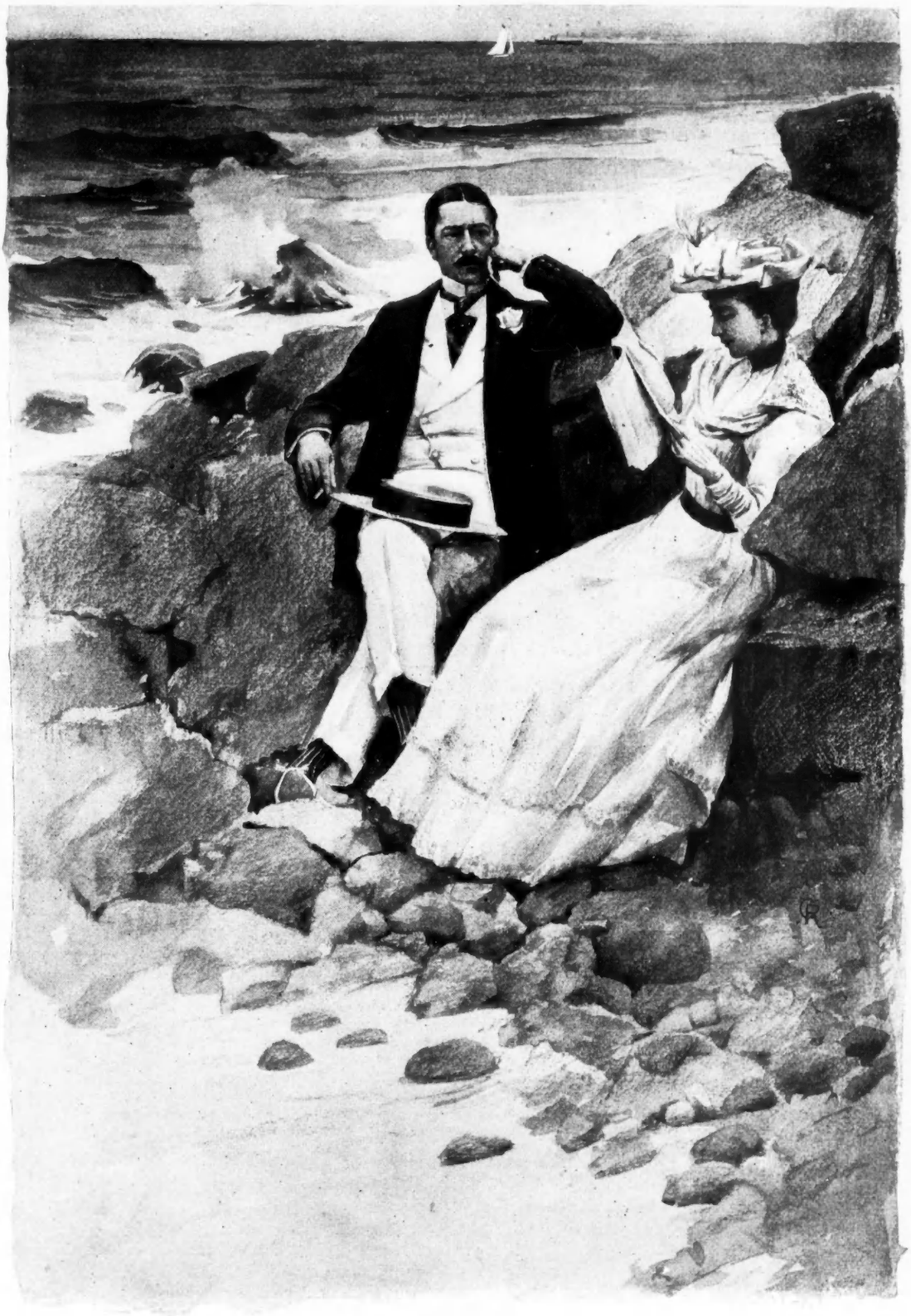
She tells him that she meant it but in fun,
And gives him back the little golden band,
Regretting that the happy days are done,
And whispers, "Jack, you know—you understand."

"Yes, yes," he says. He seems somewhat annoyed.
She glances up at him in great surprise,
And wonders if some dream has been destroyed.
Ah, well, she shakes her head and softly sighs.

But he—his thought has wandered far away.
A question rises—he is sore perplexed.
He wonders, heeding not what she may say,
He wonders what girl he'll propose to next.

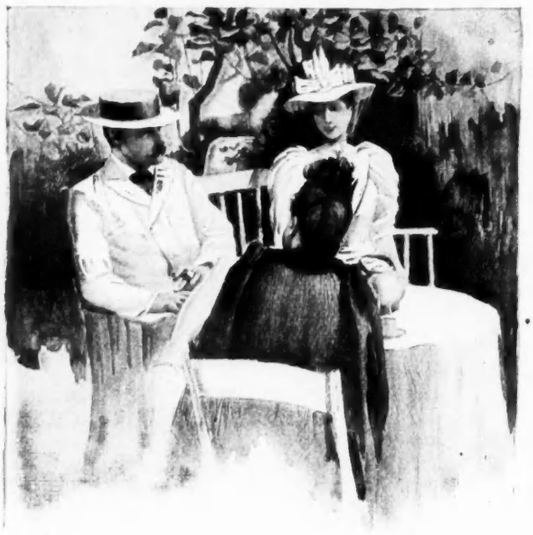
The new love holds him ere the old one goes—
He fails to see her winsome, smiling face;
He thinks of all the other girls he knows,
And wonders which he'll ask to take her place.

Philip Braduaugh.



A DISTINCTION

WIFE: "What do you men have at the club that you haven't at home which makes the club so much more attractive?"
HUSBAND: "My dear, it is what we haven't at the club, that we have at home, which constitutes all the attraction."



MAKING IT CLEAR

LIVINGSTON: "I didn't know that you and Miss Featherspray were so well acquainted."
NINA: "Oh, yes; we are distantly related."
LIVINGSTON: "How?"
NINA: "We are both sisters to the same young man."

SONG OF A WINNER

(With apologies to Poe)

HEar the players with their chips—
Ivory chips—
What a music's in them as they pass the finger tips!
How they jingle, jingle, jingle
In the humid air of night!
Sometimes melting to a single
While the winners' voices mingle
With a crystalline delight,
Keeping time, time, time
In a sort of Runic rhyme
To the tintinabulation that so musically slips
From the chips, chips, chips, chips,
Chips, chips, chips—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the chips.

PARTICULAR

"So Mr. Onedge is averse to music?"

"I should say so; he won't even use rubber bands in his office."

A GENTLEMAN

JACK: "Pa, is gent an abbreviation of a gentleman?"

PA: "No; it's generally an exaggeration of all his faults with an abbreviation of his virtues!"

"Rich and rare were the gems she wore,"
And her rival's envy she joyed to see,
Till she went to Cohen's jewelry store
And fainted dead at his rental fee.

RIPE FIGS

(An Idyl)

MAman-Nainaine said that when the figs were ripe Babette might go to visit her cousins down on Bayou-Bœuf, where the sugar cane grows. Not that the ripening of figs had the least thing to do with it, but that is the way Maman-Nainaine was.

It seemed to Babette a very long time to wait; for the leaves upon the trees were tender yet, and the figs were like little hard, green marbles.

But warm rains came along and plenty of strong sunshine; and though Maman-Nainaine was as patient as the statue of la Madone, and Babette as restless as a humming-bird, the first thing they both knew it was hot summer-time. Every day Babette danced out to where the fig-trees were in a long line against the fence. She walked slowly beneath them, carefully peering between the gnarled, spreading branches. But each time she came disconsolate away again. What she saw there finally was something that made her sing and dance the whole day long.

When Maman-Nainaine sat down in her stately way to breakfast, the following morning, her muslin cap standing like an aureole about her white, placid face, Babette approached. She bore a dainty porcelain platter, which she set down before her godmother. It contained a dozen purple figs, fringed around with their rich, green leaves.

"Ah," said Maman-Nainaine, arching her eyebrows, "how early the figs have ripened this year!"

"Oh," said Babette, "I think they have ripened very late."

"Babette," continued Maman-Nainaine, as she peeled the very plumpest figs with her pointed silver fruit-knife, "you will carry my love to them all down on Bayou-Bœuf. And tell your tante Frosine I shall look for her at Toussaint—when the chrysanthemums are in bloom."

Kate Chopin.

DOMINATED

JONES: "Poor Brown! He was a nice man, but he couldn't resist his ruling passion."

SMITH: "What was his ruling passion?"

JONES: "His wife's temper."

HIS VACATION ENDANGERED

HOUSENLOT: "This scare is nonsense. The country is all right."

PUTENCALL: "Don't doubt it; but what's troubling me is how to get money enough to enjoy it."

CUPID'S SHUTTLECOCK

CUPID'S SHUTTLECOCK

I Wooed for many a summer day
Low at the feet of Mistress May,
But ah ! I knelt and plead there all in vain.
"Alas ! your heart is ice," I cried—
"I have no heart," she frank replied ;
When just that moment I espied
Young Cupid coming gaily down the lane.

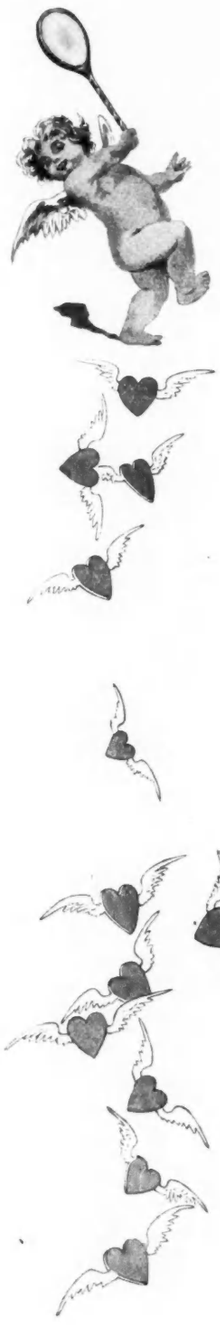
"Ho ! for a game of battledore
Sweet Mistress May, and the score
I trow this sad-faced youth will keep it clear."
Thus Cupid said, and took his stand
His battledore held firm in hand,
But swift came Mistress May's demand
"Your shuttlecock, sweet Cupid, is it here ? "

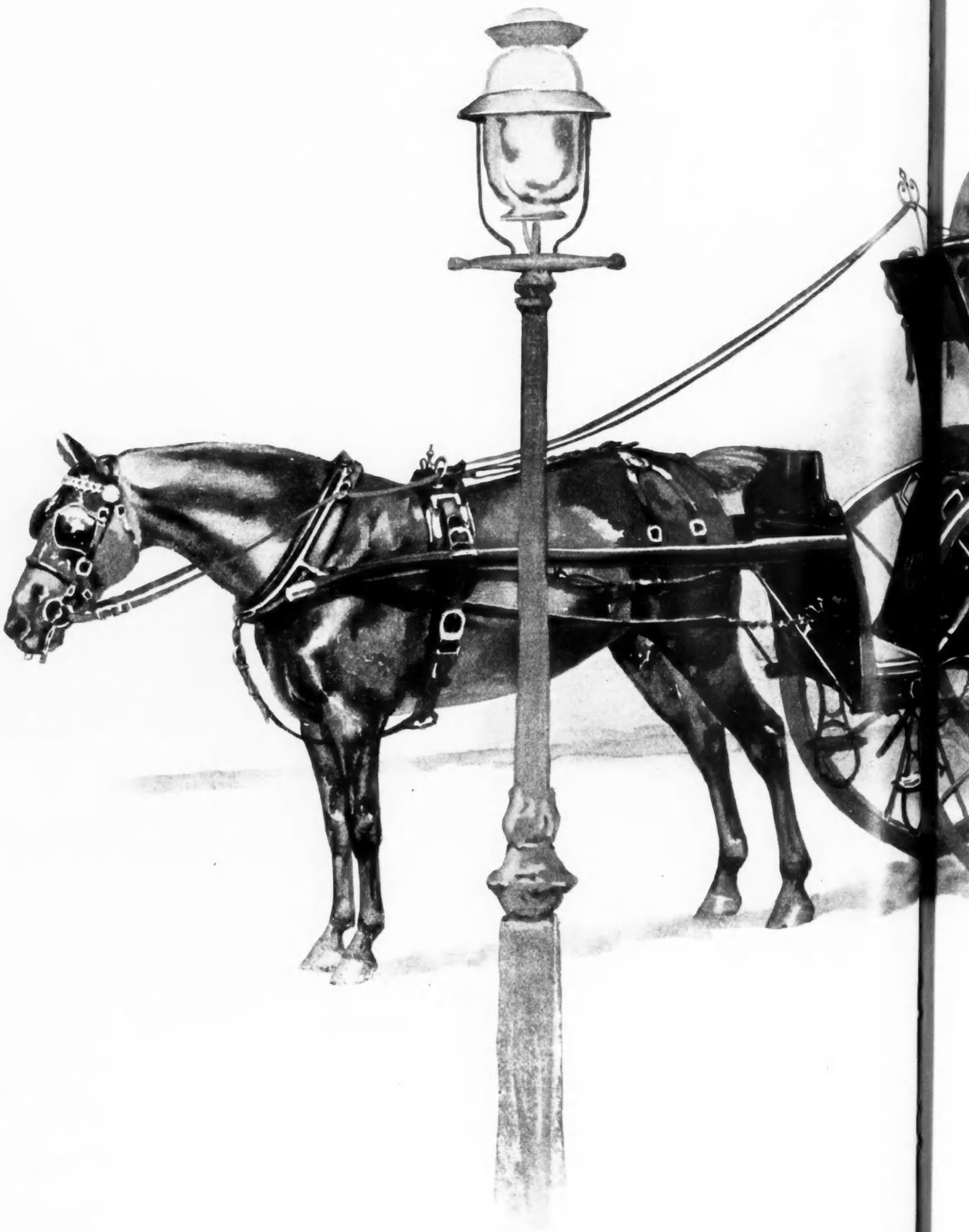
The youngster laughed and drew it out—
A little heart all tied about
With dainty ribbons. "Voila ! " then he cried
And tossed it lightly into air
Without a second thought or care.
So there they played, a merry pair,
And drove the fluttering thing from side to side

Until at last sweet Mistress May
Grew dizzy, weary with the play !
Her faltering glance besought a moment's rest.
Now, treacherous Cupid played his part
And reckless of the wound and smart
Straight aimed he sent the bounding heart
Swift at my Mistress May's panting breast.

Then laughing at his fatal shot
He turned, and flying from the spot
Cried joyously, "I leave her now with thee !"
I know not by what happy spell
I soothed sweet Mistress May so well.
I only know that I may tell
The heart thus found she lost again—to me.

Mabel T. J.





SCENE—NEWPORT, IN FRONT OF CASINO—T

XUM

Max F. Klopper

FRONT CASINO—THE LATEST BIT OF GOSSIP

CAPTAIN MANNING'S STORY

A Small but comfortable room. In the room a great fire-place piled high with blazing logs. On either side of the broad hearthstone a hound sat on his haunches, looking gravely into the glowing fire. In the centre of the room stood a wooden table. On one side of the table sat Captain Manning poring over a letter; at the other, Lieutenant Dawlson, meditating.

Finally, Manning laid down the letter, arose, stretched himself and sauntered slowly over to the fire-place, whistling softly to the hounds.

"Dicky, my boy," said he, "have you a cigar about you?"

"No," the other answered, starting; "I was almost asleep when you spoke. What do you want of a cigar?"

"For the dogs," said Captain Manning, producing a well-blackened meerschaum and filling it leisurely from a much-worn tobacco pouch. "What did you think I wanted one for, myself?"

His companion smiled. "Pray, pardon me. I was thinking——"

The other dropped the half-burned match he was holding and an expression of alarm crossed his features, "I shall warn the authorities you had best be looked to."

"—was thinking," went on Dicky unheeding the interruption, "of a trip I took to Scotland two years ago, before I met you or joined the Tenth."

The look of amusement left Captain Manning's face as he replied almost gently:

"And you were brooding over the old days! I am glad I broke your reverie. There's nothing like forgetting sometimes."

NEW APPLICATION OF AN OLD SAW

Mrs. W. dancing with Mr. S. (who is noted for being almost the thinnest man living) slips, and to save herself catches hold of Mr. S.'s legs.
Mrs. W. (trying to apologize and blushing deeply): "I beg your pardon, Mr. S., but a drowning man will catch at straws, you know."

"But you don't understand. I don't want to forget, I would explain if I could, but I can't," replied his companion.

"Never mind," said Captain Manning, kindly, "let me tell you a story instead. It isn't a very long one, so you won't be bored."

He waved his hand toward the pipes which lay upon the table and the other, obeying the gesture, filled and lighted one. For some moments they smoked silently in the gradually darkening room; then the elder, keeping his eyes fixed upon the roaring fire, began:

"It was just eighteen months ago, Dicky, that you came into the Tenth, as we were on the point of starting for India. Since that time we have been together, off and on, almost continually. I have watched you closely and there's more heart in you than one would be led to think at the first, and so I'm going to tell you a story of a friend of mine, of two friends in fact, and when I've done you must pass judgment:

"About two years ago, possibly a little more, a young fellow of good family and moderate means dropped down one day upon a quiet spot, we will say in Scotland, for a few weeks of sightseeing and amusement. Well, to make a long story short, the old drama was enacted and he fell in love with a young girl whom he chanced to meet at a dinner party. After a time, almost, in fact, before he had considered long enough so serious a question, he offered himself and was accepted.

"Now, this young lady had a brother, a dare-devil sort of a fellow, who happened to be on the Continent at the time, and for certain reasons, when this state of affairs reached his ears, he flatly refused to sanction an engagement, advising that the young people wait a

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AND THAT'S ALL

MISS JORDAN: "Is there anything in this talk about Philadelphia being such a sleepy place?"
MR. BIDDLE: "Yes, indeed. Lots of capital for the joke-writers."

year, at the end of which time, if they were of the same mind, he would again consider the question.

"All this argument had been carried on between the brother and sister, and when the latter informed her ardent lover of the cruel demand made upon his patience, saying at the same time that she must follow the advice given her, as three years before she had promised her dying parents that in such a matter she would be governed by the wishes of the absent vandal, the lover did a very foolish and heartless thing. Seeing no reason in the brother's refusal, he accused the innocent sister of all manner of perfidy, and, without a word of farewell, straightway bolted the country with such undue haste, in fact, that he neglected to learn that the author of all his woes was only, after all, a half-brother, and did not bear the same name as the faithless one.

"Now," continued Captain Manning, stopping for a moment to relight his pipe, "there is a sequel: the reason of the brother's unwarranted objection—which had the unthinking lover taken the pains to inquire into might have thrown a different light upon the matter.

"Nineteen years before, when the young girl was only a little child, an eminent physician warned the parents that in time the symptoms of a certain form of insanity might develop in their child, but could she pass a certain age without the blow falling all danger would be passed. This assurance was repeated by the best medical authorities in the land, and it was for this reason that the dare-devil brother forbade an engagement until the critical point was passed, a year ago."

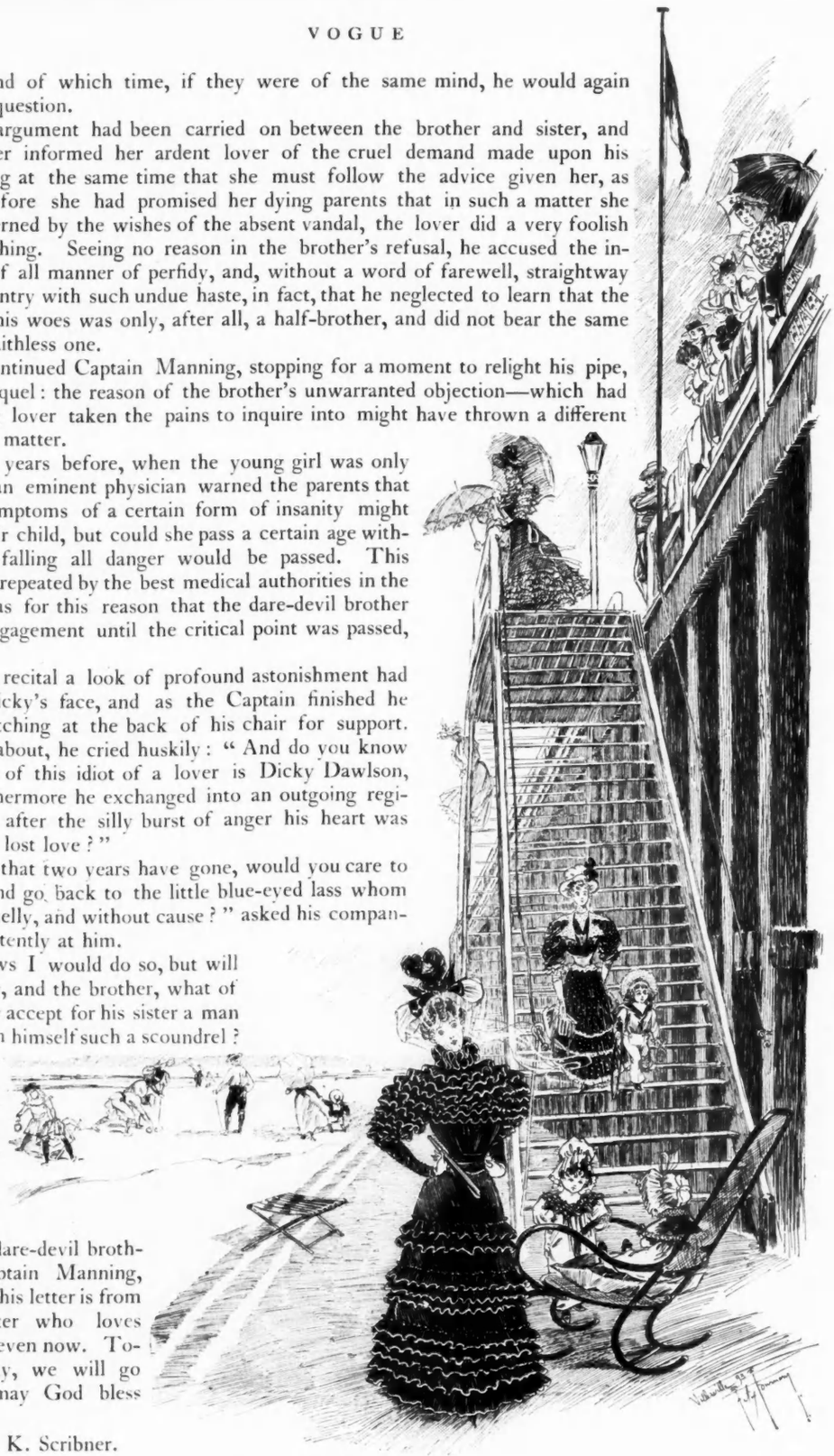
During this recital a look of profound astonishment had come over Dicky's face, and as the Captain finished he sprang up, clutching at the back of his chair for support. Then, facing about, he cried huskily: "And do you know that the name of this idiot of a lover is Dicky Dawlson, and that furthermore he exchanged into an outgoing regiment because after the silly burst of anger his heart was broken for his lost love?"

"And now that two years have gone, would you care to be forgiven and go back to the little blue-eyed lass whom you left so cruelly, and without cause?" asked his companion, looking intently at him.

"God knows I would do so, but will she receive me, and the brother, what of him? Can he accept for his sister a man who has proven himself such a scoundrel? Hal, dear old man, you must know him or you would never have told me this story; will you intercede for me?"

"I am that dare-devil brother," said Captain Manning, smiling, "and this letter is from the little sister who loves you so dearly, even now. To-morrow, Dicky, we will go to her, and may God bless you both."

F. K. Scribner.



THE DIFFERENCE

'Twas Pope who said long years ago—
We care not when nor how—
"Worth makes the man"—'tis Worth, you know,
That makes the woman, now

When Madame the Countess Y—— entered her box, every glass in the house was leveled upon her; the English gazed because she seemed to them the type of a "Grand Dame"; the French because they knew who she was and wanted to study her toilette. Her husband took the heavy cloak from her shoulders—for one moment she stood in the glare of light, her cheeks slightly flushed, her head with its crown of soft dark hair poised on her slender neck like a flower—her gown of turquoise satin falling away from her thin shoulders in billows of old lace.

"That's a real French beauty" said one American to another in the pit. "Isn't she a stunner—skin and bones and dark eyes with lots of manner,—that's a beauty over here."

The Countess sank into her chair, she was cross and out of sorts. They had come early—it was quite half an hour before the curtain rose—that was one of her husband's habits that tried her so, he would insist on being in a hurry and coming early to things. Then too she hated Wagner—no ballet, no brilliancy—even to a woman schooled for years and generations past to conceal her feelings, four hours of those dreary recitatives and long drawn out duets were trying, although they were the fashion. Her husband sat behind her; he felt tired too and rather ill. He was not given to noticing his wife, but something about the way her hair curled in the back of her neck struck him as extremely pretty—and as the rest of their party entered the box and Madame arose and went toward them and unfastened the great silver clasp of her friend's cloak—he could not help thinking, with every other man in the house, how graceful her every movement was.

The curtain rose; they settled themselves to listen to the music. Madame planned out her next day's work—Blanche must be taken to the dentist and afterwards she would go to have her riding habit fitted for the last time. Her face wore a look of interest and enjoyment as she studied out a combination of color for a new tea gown. What was that Van Dyck was singing? Her train of thought was interrupted, she was listening.

"Plus d'hiver, dejà le printemps commencé
Semant au ciel l'or et le saphir
Le jeune Avril vers nous avancer—"

The perfection of art, yet quietly as though sitting alone in the forest with Sieglinde, the great tenor's voice singing the love song, filled the house and touched some chord in her nature—rang through her heart that beat so lightly and nervously under the old lace. She could not bear the clacquing—when the song was finished her eyes were full of tears.

The opera went on, the orchestra thundered the weird music of the Valkyre's ride—the chorus stood like white ravens on the rocks—Brunhilde lay asleep in the chain of fire—the audience shouted "bravo" and applauded—she scarcely heard it, she was thinking. The strain "Plus d'hiver, dejà le printemps commencé" kept going through her brain.

In her cold, calculating life there had been no love songs, no time for love singing. Achille with his wig, his nervous dyspepsia and his fussy ways, had not filled her heart. She had been a good wife and mother—a fascinating hostess—but had she really ever loved? Now and then something had struck below the veneer of her nature, and she would see a glimpse of something different, as a child will stretch out its hands towards the sunshine.

She was in a dream as she went down the great staircase; her face, peeping out of the capes and collars of her cloak, wore a spiritual expression that added to its loveliness. The crowd of gay women in their light garments, chattering to their companions, grated on her.

She was glad to get into the street; it was a perfect night; the air blew fresh and cool against her hot cheeks. The familiar boulevards—the little slim statue of Joan of Arc cutting against the starlit sky—the dim beauty of the Tuileries gardens—the lights mirrored in the Seine as they crossed the Pont de Solferino, struck her with a sense of strangeness and new beauty.

She went up the stairway to their apartments slowly, with dragging feet. Her husband, thinking she was tired, offered her his arm and they went up together. He was feeling ill and miserable, but they had drifted so far apart that he did not think to speak of it. At the door of her room she stopped, and to her husband's great surprise lifted her face to be kissed. It was years since he had kissed her good-night—he was almost embarrassed for a moment, then he bent over her and kissed her on the mouth.

"Good-night, Antoinette; how very sweet you look," he said.

It was a very little thing, a good-night kiss, after all their unhappy life together. She was so glad afterward.

For in the morning men came and draped the courtyard of the old hotel with black—Monsieur the Count had passed away very suddenly in the night.

Polly King.

A WASTED EXAMPLE

MRS. HICKS: "Now, there is Freddie Dix. He takes a spoonful of quinine right down, just as quickly as though it were honey."

DICK HICKS: "I suppose so. I would, too, if I were such a fool as he."

The mote that's in my neighbor's eye—
Which very clearly I espy—
Is the dollar that he got of me
That I again shall never see.

The beam that's in my own—ah, well,
I reckon 'twill stay there a spell—
Is—if my mem'ry isn't dim—
A tener that I got of him.

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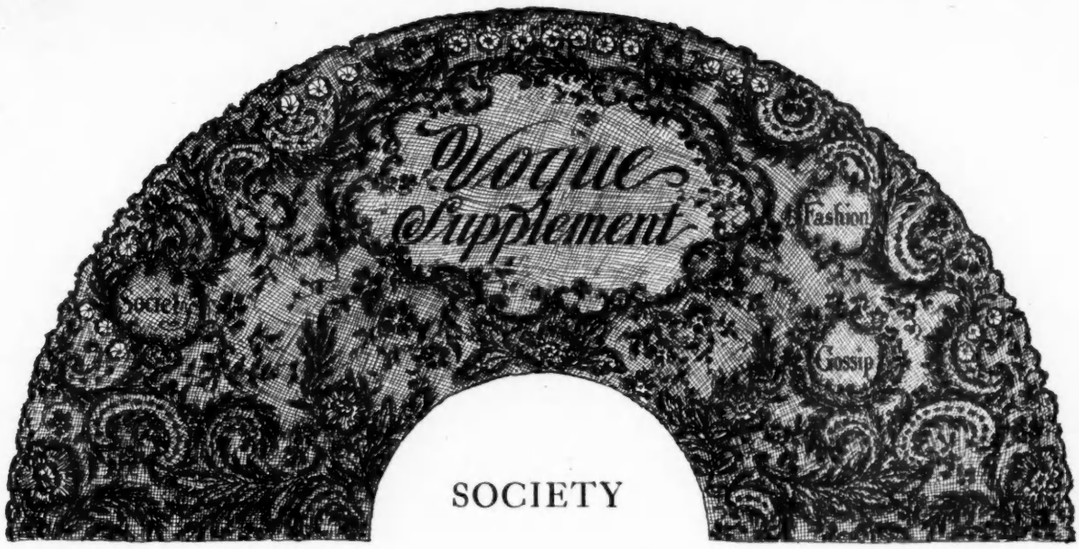

SOCIETY

Polo has received a terrible blow in popular favor by the accident to Mr. Dudley Winthrop. At last accounts he was out of danger, but still very ill. Wives and sisters and mothers dread this game more than any other, and the players nowadays play with such a vim and hardihood that it is small wonder that women object. Many of the men who play are very heavy and, as all know, the polo ponies are small, but they are ridden at such a tremendous dash that when a collision occurs, as it so often does, it is surprising that there are not more serious accidents. There will probably be no games of any great moment before the autumn.

Divorces, of which it may be said just now that "the best families are using them," have always a tendency to give rise to social complications, but a certain Baltimore-Philadelphia case, recently reported, seems rather to eclipse anything we have previously known in that line, as the severed husband and wife are to re-wed with a brother and sister. One can imagine the pleasant domestic scene presented at Christmas, Thanksgiving and similar family gatherings, when all the relatives are united and all these brothers-and-sisters-in-law meet together on the plan of the happy family in a menagerie. If the original union and those which are about to take place, be blessed with offspring, it would be an interesting occupation for those persons who like to study involved situations, such as chess problems, to work out their relationship to each other.

At Bar Harbor the dinner dances have begun again. It had been thought it would be impossible to carry them on this season on account of the scarcity of men, but that difficulty has been overcome, and a fortnight ago saw the first one of the series given. Mrs. Minturn, Mrs. Frederick Rhinelander Jones, Mrs. McCauley, Mrs. A. C. Barnard, Mrs. William Lawrence Green, Mrs. George Robbins and Mrs. Whittier each gave dinners of twelve. Later in the evening the guests from the different dinners met at the Keho Valley Club where dancing was kept up until a late hour. These dances provide a great fund of conversation, as many people are bitterly opposed to them on the ground that it divides up society into cliques, a proceeding which is not desirable at the summer resorts. It is certainly hard on some of the girls who are occasionally left out, but the women who get up the dinners contend they have a perfect right to entertain whom they will, and that the line must be drawn somewhere. It is not their fault if the line cuts very deeply into others' feelings.

It would seem as if Society had finally decided that it is best to give reliable information of its entertainments to the daily press. An absurd amount of hypocrisy has been practiced for some years past by people pretending they did not want to see their names in print, when in reality they were annoyed at being left out of the mention of any swell function. The Bar Harbor Record is the exponent of the social idea according to Society there in summer. Mrs. Frederick Rhinelander Jones, Mrs. De Castro, Mrs. A. C. Barney, De Grasse Fox and Mr. George H. Vanderbilt are among the stockholders for this paper, which is said to be absolutely accurate in all its information, and also to be the model of how Society people wish their doings chronicled. Another season will tell better as to the success of the undertaking, but there is a tremendous demand for the paper just now.

Letters from Newport vary so that it is difficult to decide which account is the most reliable. To one's own eyes the season is fairly brilliant. There is not much dancing. The Casino nights are very much as they have been for years past. The same people are to be seen driving, dining or dancing, as in the years gone by, and the women, as a rule, are looking uncommonly well.

In a letter just received it is evident that some one else views the scene through different, perhaps keener, eyes. It says: "We are bored to extinction by the continual platitudes of newspaper stories about Newport's wild festivities and the beauty of several no doubt very pretty but entirely over-praised women. Can nothing be suggested to enliven this dreary routine to prevent the tympanums of one's ears from bursting with the unmitigated nonsense with which they are surfeited? Take in the beginning of August, the Golf Club dance? It was one long row of women sitting mournfully together like the girls at the innumerable smaller summer resorts, wondering which of the two or three dancing men would volunteer to give them a turn. As the season advances the attempts at gaiety are more frequent and more successful, but there is a depression in the air easily accounted for by the financial condition of the country.

"Mrs. Duncan Elliot, as Miss Sallie Hargous, was one of the many handsome girls in the social swim. As Mrs. Elliot she is thinner and less rosy and the cares of this world seem to weigh heavily on her shoulders. Her husband is one of the swells of the place, drives a four-in-hand and there is a report that a lucky speculation (?) won him twenty thousand dollars.

"Miss Elsie Clews, of whose début much has been written more or less untrue, is an argumentative débutante who, though she has not inherited her mother's beauty, has a good mind and is a hard student. She is a tall, slight and attractive girl, who will always be popular with a certain set, although she says she does not care for society.

"Of Miss Virginia Fair it seems unnecessary to speak, for in these days what girl with a million in her own right is not endowed with every virtue?

"Pretty Mrs. Clement C. Moore has been in Newport all the season, and Miss Euretta Kernochan has been visiting Miss Baldwin. Miss Kernochan is a somewhat decided young woman, and is the possessor of a very handsome chevelure of long, thick, dark brown hair.

"Speaking of hair reminds me that I have noticed that 'brightening' one's hair has become the fashion. You observe the term? Oh, dear, no—it's not dyeing! Our dear girls would be horrified if one merely suggested such a thing to them. They 'only wash their hair with plain soda or borax.' Nevertheless, one of our most admired young matrons, the brunette daughter-in-law of a very rich man, has an almost bronze coating to her erstwhile dark locks, and two or three well-known girls have copied the fashion, which, though effective enough at first, ends by making the hair appear dry and unnatural. A blonde belle whose pretty head does not need the embellishing has streaked her hair until it is like molten gold, and she fondly imagines that we are not conscious of the fact.

"What an absolute relief it is nowadays to see a woman unpainted, unpowdered and undyed, for most of our fashionables do at least one of these three things."

PARIS

(From Our Own Correspondent)

AMong the indications of the fact that we are now in the throes of la saison morte is the aspect presented by the Bois, which, instead of being visited only at certain fixed hours of the day, is now thronged from early morning till late at night. And no wonder. For at no time of the year does it appear to greater advantage than in the

months of August and September. Indeed, there is no metropolitan park either in the old world or in the new that can be compared thereto; and neither the Prado at Madrid nor the Prater at Vienna, nor the Thiergarten at Berlin, nor Hyde Park in London, can be spoken of in the same breath. People here, however, are apt to forget that they owe these lungs of our great city to Empress Eugénie, who designed with her own hands many of the most picturesque features of the Bois, as the plans annotated by Napoleon III. and herself, which are carefully preserved in the Government archives, can show. The only part of the Bois that does not show traces of the artist hand is the Avenue des Acacias, which gives one the impression of a high road; yet it is just this avenue of all others which, during the season, is the most crowded, and which may be said to monopolize the patronage of the grand monde both on foot and in carriage. I hear that a determined effort is to be made next season by some of our leaders of fashion to effect a reform, and to revive the favor that the Tour du Lac enjoyed during the palmy days of the Empire. Strange to relate, our élégantes remained faithful to the Tour du Lac for several years after the war, although all that portion of the Bois had been denuded of its trees. As soon, however, by dint of great labor and expense, as the Tour du Lac began to resume its former loveliness, it was, by one of those unreasonable freaks of fashion, suddenly and unaccountably abandoned for the infinitely more prosaic and commonplace Avenue des Acacias.

The spot where most of those of our mondaines who have remained in town are wont to congregate, just now, is not the Avenue des Acacias nor the Tour du Lac, but the grounds of the Tennis Club on the so-called Ile de Puteaux, where we often spend not only the entire afternoon, but the evening as well, dining at the club and returning home through the Bois in the wee hours of the morning. Some very pretty dresses are still to be seen there, and among others that I noticed yesterday, was one of thick white piqué worn by Mlle. d'Abancourt, which was exceedingly becoming to her slender figure. The skirt was gracefully cut in conservative bell shape and untrimmed, save for a couple of lines of stitching about six inches from the ground. The Eton coat was turned back with wide Robespierre lapels stitched at the edge and ornamented with large mother-of-pearl buttons. The waistcoat was of plain piqué to match, fastened from neck to waist with small star-shaped cut steel buttons, the high collar being of the plain officer cut and unadorned. With this was worn a large hat of white horsehair or "crin" lace, fluted round the brim and trimmed with loops of black velvet and lovely Maréchal Niel roses and leaves; while brown shoes, white untanned kid gloves and a white silk parasol with a small wrought-gold handle, completed the toilette. Her mother, the still very youthful-looking Vicomtesse, had on a simple and pretty black silk twill foulard, dotted with white and trimmed very simply with fine black silk guipure laid on white satin. This gown had an underskirt with two rows of entre-deux running round the hem; and a long tunic of twilled silk hemmed or edged with one row only of the black-over-white trimming, which was very slightly and gracefully raised on both sides of the hips far back, and just enough to show the double line of skirt-trimming at the foot. At the waist was a belt of black satin, with a rather large jet buckle forming an ornament at the back. The corsage had full elbow sleeves of the dotted foulard—the lower portion being hidden under white suède gloves—and a collar and shoulder lines from the neck of lace-covered satin. The fronts were finely gauged in beneath the narrow epaulet trimming, and met at the waist after enframing in V shape a panel plastron of black guipure over white satin. A modified coalscuttle hat accompanied this distingué costume. It was trimmed with a big bunch of black plumes on the left side, from which rose a full aigrette of white heron feathers, and the strings of black satin were tied under the chin in a neat bow. Round the crown a band of lace-covered satin, similar to the dress trimming, was the sole decoration, while under the brim in front, two small rosettes of ciel silk muslin set a note of delicate and becoming color.

Apropos of fashions, it may interest some of the fair readers of Vogue to know that according to the authority of our leading and most popular couturier (of course I do not mean Worth) "l'avenir est aux trois volants," which means that the future holds three-flounced skirts in store for us. This will probably be regarded as good news by most women, for, to my mind at any rate, they are very pretty and becoming, the three stories of finely-kilted, accordion-plaited or ruffled material forming a natural bell-shaped skirt over a silken foundation without the aid of stiffening linings that are, after all, anything but convenient, and only look really well when the skirt is absolutely faultless in cut.

Among the features of the summer of 1893 which I should have noted in my previous letters, must be included the marked decline in popular favor of coaching parties. Last year they were all the rage, and not a day passed without witnessing the departure of numerous coaches and drags bound for suburban resorts, and packed both inside and out with gaily-dressed and merry crowds. Our people here, however, tire quickly of any enjoyment, as they say here, "tous lasse," and as there have been a number of instances of "tout casse" as well, due to indifferent driving, the popularity of coaching parties has dwindled to the vanishing point.

Since the departure of my last letter I have spent twenty-four hours at Aix-les-Bains, where I intended to remain a fortnight or three weeks, but was so disappointed with the place that I cut my stay short and came home. Rarely have I seen a spot so changed for the worse as Aix-les-Bains. Formerly the most fashionable and chic of all inland villes d'eau of France, it is now crowded with foreign tourists and rastaquouères of every description, the Parisian grand monde being conspicuous only by its absence. Its place has been taken by Greeks, Mexicans, South Americans, Germans, Russians, Englishmen and Americans, (the latter, with some exceptions, not precisely of the nicest kind), all excessively noisy and loud in appearance, speech, and, above all, in manner. Moreover, anyone who re-

members the Casino or the Villa des Fleurs in years gone by, would have difficulty in recognizing it now. It has sunk to the level of a half-way house between the Jardin de Paris and Monte Carlo, and is crowded from morning till night with the most extraordinary collection of people, provincial demi-mondaines from Lyons and Grenoble, dressed without the elegance or chic of their Parisian sisters; profes-

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sional gamblers from all the tripots and gambling hells known and unknown, country magnates and their offspring, who fondly imagine that they are taking part in la grande vie ; retired shop-keepers who are determined to have their fling before they die, and foreigners of every description. The entire atmosphere of the place appeared redolent with vulgarity, the crowd so debraillé and at the same time so bourgeoise that no femme du monde accustomed to the elegances and refinements of Parisian life and society could do otherwise than feel herself like a fish out of water, and accordingly, I gathered up my belongings and took to flight.

If I lay so much stress upon the altered conditions of Aix-les-Bains, it is because I know that so many of your countrymen, especially those who visit Europe for the first time, are in the habit of patronizing it under the impression that it retains all the chic and prestige which formerly distinguished it. The only time when it is in the least degree tolerable, is in the months of March and April, when large numbers of the London great world and English aristocracy are wont to assemble there, following the fashion set by Queen Victoria as well as by the Prince of Wales, of taking a few weeks of rest on the Continent before the opening of the London season.

Comtesse de Champdoce.

Paris, 1 August, 1893.

OF INTEREST TO HER

THere are a few things quite indispensable to a thorough enjoyment of Newport during August. One of them is a sufficient knowledge of the game of polo to be able to follow the players as they gallop from one end of the field to the other with an intelligent idea of what they are galloping after, and what part the mallet and ball have to play in the mad rush of the picturesque riders. A great deal more than half the crowd assembled in coaches, phaetons and victorias, outside the limits of the field, have no notion at all of the game and are only conscious that it is either very hot, very dusty, very foggy or very dull. This was precisely my case when my friend Mrs. V. drove me down to join the fashionable crowd, on the second Tuesday of my visit. For a little while I was amused. The ponies were such cute little fellows and looked so well up to any amount of mischief I expected every moment that they would pitch their riders over their heads and create a panic and a scene, and I am afraid I almost wished they would. But nothing in the least sensational happened. It only grew hotter and hotter and dustier and dustier. The games were principally practice work, Mr. W. K. Thorn and Mr. Stanley Mortimer having undertaken to coach the younger players, who represented, I presume, the "jeunesse dorée" of the future, as they were the sons of William C. Whitney, Cornelius Vanderbilt, I. Townsend Burden and among them also were young Waterbury, Warren and Cowdin. The youngsters played well, gave backhanded strokes and sat their lively little steeds as if they had been born on them. But they failed at the team work which distinguishes the Cedarhurst and Meadowbrook players and which the Englishmen at Hurlingham do so magnificently.

Being of a very persistent and enterprising turn of mind, I gathered some idea of the game from what I saw, and, probably, if I ever find myself watching a game of polo again I shall know what I have come to see ; but my knowledge was gained at the expense of my bang, which fell hopelessly into streaks, and by the sacrifice of my best black and gold frock, which was tarnished and brown when we turned to go home. It was some consolation, however, that I was not more dishevelled and gone to pieces than the girls in the other carriages, and I am quite sure that I did not look bored to extinction as they all did.

The fact was that, as usual in Newport this year, there were no men loungers to stand at the carriage doors and chat and flirt with the women, and the players, of whom also there was a scarcity, could not leave the field for a moment. Consequently, the married and single belles, not one in twenty of whom knew why the ponies were rushing about so furiously, or when the play began, or where it ended, but all of whom were gotten up in irreproachable afternoon dress, were inexpressibly bored and disappointed. I felt that I had not quite lost my afternoon, even if I did look limp and ugly ; and certainly if I were a Newport girl I would make a point of learning and understanding the great game of the present and the future, and not sit staring into vacancy three times a week, while it is going on, especially if my eyes were not large and limpid enough to make the "far-away look" becoming.

When we reached the cottage I confessed to being weary and spent to the last degree, and retired immediately to my own dainty little room for an hour's rest before dinner. To tell the truth, I was impatient to get on with Marion Crawford's new novel, Pietro Ghisleri, which I had begun before breakfast, and which has the same fascination for me as have all Mr. Crawford's Roman stories. Saracinesca, Sant' Ilario and Don Orsino I have read so often that I seem to know all the chracters as intimately as if I had lived among them. And how grand they are in the majesty of their beauty, their breeding, and the halo of romance that the author throws over them. To me there is no novelist of the present day that has Crawford's charm. He deals neither in humor nor pathos, but he is a master of English style, and he carries his reader with him through a region of romance and poetry touched by the best feelings and emotions of the human heart, and yet completely in unison with the weaknesses, the foibles and even the vices of the day. But, in spite of my admiration for the book and its author, I fell asleep over its pages, and was only aroused to the recollection that I had a dinner and a dance before me by Madame's French maid, who put me through bath-massage, coiffure and toilette with such marvelous celerity that I was standing before the glass, a pretty little puppet in rose pink and white lace, before I really knew that I was awake.

There is no doubt that Newport should be called the City of Surprises, so wonderfully varied are the houses, the dinners, the luncheons, and even the people that one sees. In a New York season one is always conscious of a certain monotony—the same people in the same places, the drawing-rooms and dining-rooms in many cases almost alike, flowers which in winter are difficult to get arranged precisely in the same way by the same florists ; and worst of all, the same club and opera gossip, which may be amusing enough at first, but palls eventually upon the jaded sense. But in Newport, life is fresh and bright, and full of sunshine and ozone. Every cottage has the hall-mark of its owner in its architecture, furnishing and arrangements. Different points of

view are to be seen from every window, different flowers bloom on every lawn. Here the scarlet geranium blazes in the sunshine, there great globes of white, blue and pink hydrangeas line the avenue from gate to door. And the dinner tables, how exquisite they are ! At the one to which I was hastening when I made this long digression, a vine of pink-and-white sweet peas formed the outside edge and masses of the fragrant blossoms filled crystal bowls at the corners of the tables. There was no display of silver, but priceless Sèvres and

Dresden were used for both dinner and dessert service—with here and there small compotiers of cut glass, which held peaches, plums and grapes. Whether the omission was intentional or not I do not know, but not a bon-bon was to be seen, nor did they form any part of the ménu and decoration. And

then, there is so much to fill up the daily life of Newport that the talk is more lively and varied than in town. Athletics, yachting, coaching, tennis, golf are familiar to all, and there are a hundred times more snap and go among men and women than one ever finds in the dead commonplace of New York entertainments.

WHAT SHE WEARS

THere is no doubt at all that the best time of the year to shop is the month of August. Deserted as the town is just now, I never saw the shop windows looking prettier, and there were a great many smart women inside, making additions to their summer wardrobes. For at Newport and Bar Harbor, not to speak of Long Branch and Narragansett, which are dreadful places for taking starch out of delicate fabrics, and replacing it with double the quantity of dust, it is absolutely necessary to be continually renovating one's clothes. And very often it is cheaper to buy a new garment than to attempt to freshen and restore an old one. So as capitalists are always obliged to pay a visit to Wall Street on the 1st of August to collect dividends and look after their bank accounts, wives and daughters very often accompany them, and after spending their days in the inspection of novelties and bargains dine at Del's, and enjoy their evenings on the "roofs." All summer materials are selling at half price just now and it is wonderful how cheap even ready-made gowns and mantles are. In a very short time all the lovely diaphanous fabrics will disappear and woollens, velvets and brocades will be exposed for notice and admiration. So, those who are in want of pretty things for Lenox, and for the early autumn at Newport, must lose no time in choosing them. For my own part, I hate even looking at winter things, with the thermometer at ninety on a sultry day in August, especially when there are so many pretty gowns and wraps for what they call in Paris the "demie saison."

One outside garment seems to have come to stay, and that is the shoulder cape. I saw some lovely ones in white lace to be worn in the morning with a muslin or grenadine gown, and others in embroidered silk, just to throw over the shoulders when it is too warm for a wrap but a little chilly in a thin gown. The summer frocks are really no protection this year, as the waists are made with so much lace insertion that there are no end of loop-holes for cold blasts to creep in.

The autumn brides are all buying their trousseaux just now, and it is quite funny to see the mystery that they make over all their little purchases. At Redfern's, the other day, where I went to execute an order for a Southern friend, I saw such a beautiful wedding dress that I was quite sure it had been made to order for some happy young creature whose wedding day was close at hand. But I was told it was only a model and was for sale, and I watched very curiously a middle-aged lady, who was bargaining for it, of course for her daughter, and who succeeded at last in securing it for very much less than it was worth. It was a white satin, very delicately embroidered in silver and seed pearls. Around the bottom of the skirt, which was long and sweeping, glistened true lovers' knots, and the waist, which was high, had a falling collar of satin enbroidered in silver and pearls, and a standing ruffle of soft white lace around the throat. The sleeves were made in double puffs with deep lace falling from the elbow; an immense tulle veil completely enveloping the figure, and with a border of priceless lace completed the bridal array, which could not have been more chic had it been made for a princess.

AS SEEN BY HIM

TWenty-four hours in a railroad train—almost twenty-four, it seems to me, although in reality but little more than twelve. I have left my coaching party at Lenox and I am now en route for Bar Harbor. Lenox at this season is impossible. I will return a little later, when the gaieties will be in full swing. Autumn is simply delightful among these Berkshire Hills. At present Lenox is reduced to the state of Goldsmith's Deserted Village. Church fairs, tennis matches and other recreations of a like kind among the townspeople are the only amusements, and one becomes tired, very quickly, of being a spectator at the pastimes of this class. The American peasant is not picturesque. One can never imagine oneself a personage in an opera watching Colin and Colinette tripping on the village green, if one happens to be in the modern American village. The people, even to the humblest factory operative and the smirking waitress at the country inn, have aspirations. It is not impossible that you may dine to-morrow at the house of a weaver, and take your hatter's daughter down to dinner, while the son of your grandfather's tailor precedes you. And, my dear fellow, you will be extremely glad to get a card to these peoples' entertainments. Well, we are a great nation and all this accords with the spirit of Democracy.

In France, several years ago, I had an ideal coaching trip. The route lay through the quaint villages and dense forests of the picturesque Vosges mountains. This is a region yet undiscovered by Cook's tourists and other uncomfortable people. As we drove into the many hamlets, the inhabitants stood hats in hand on the narrow village street, saluting us as we passed. The haymakers in the fields and the laborers in the small patches on the roadside, paused from their work, and gave us greeting. Children ran beside the wheels, begging for centimes and offering us little bunches of field flowers and baskets of wild strawberries. At the auberge, the innkeeper stood smiling, ready to receive us, and ready if we had wished it, to serve us with a palatable meal, and to give our horses stabling. On Sunday we rested at a chateau—a feudal mansion with moat and drawbridge and gray frowning towers, the residence of a friend. With him went the living of the village church, and to that sanctuary we turned our steps upon the Sabbath. The ritual was that of the Roman Catholic faith. We were seated on a dais under a crimson canopy. Priests bowed to us, acolytes threw clouds of incense and at the offertory we were served with the pain-béni before it was distributed among the populace. Even this bread was of different baking and tastefully arranged with white ribbons, on which in threads of gold was embroidered the sacred insignia of the cross.

I cannot say that my experiences through Massachusetts were similar. I have noticed that New Englanders are less apt to doff their hats than any other people on this side of the water. Even in the much-maligned South the negro on the wayside touches his forehead and gives you a grin of recognition, which is his idea of respect.

Pray pardon my prosiness, my dear fellow, but it is actually impossible to be even entertaining when one has so little to be amused with. One is apt to be reflective in a railroad train, especially when one has spent the night in a stuffy car and is at present engaged in gazing wearily out of a window, which offers no other attractions than a dreary New England landscape and the back doors of rural towns. In fact, there is nothing attractive, either within or without the car. I have been nearly poisoned by patronizing the buffet. It seems to me that if buffet cars are necessities, a simple but tempting meal could be easily served. One only needs honest food while traveling. A cold joint or something of that kind would be much more appetizing than chicken à la Marengo or turtle soup in tins. I have always had a prejudice against tinned goods. I think that they are not alone unhealthful, but are also very bad form. Yet I know of a family living in the vicinity of New York—wealthy people of fashion—who invariably serve tinned soups at their dinners. As soon as I learned that these comestibles formed a part of their menu, I declined to dine with them again.

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XUM

A FAIR TRAVELER FROM THE BOIS DOING THE SEASHORE

Within the past week I have been very much amused at hearing the experience of a friend who had been induced to stop at the new house of a new millionaire. From his account, the gloss had not yet worn off his host and hostess. They breakfasted in state at ten o'clock, they lunched at two and they dined at seven. These hours interfered with everything he desired to do, and, as they were exacting as to his presence at each of these "functions," his stay was made most uncomfortable. He discovered that each chair and other articles of furniture in the drawing-rooms had specified places. This was impressed upon him by the action of his hostess, who invariably waited for him to leave the room, when she immediately rearranged the furniture and returned his chair to its original position. I do not sympathize with him because I think he richly deserved his fate. I have heard that my friend's host only a few years ago was a mill operative. Such rapid progression is only possible in this country. This reminds me of a little incident of my recent trip. Happening one Sunday morning to stroll into a small country church in a Massachusetts village, I was struck by the well-timed remarks of the pastor to the youth of his congregation. The speaker was a plain man, very brusque in manner and delivery, and had not yet recovered from his early brogue. His hearers were mainly composed of factory hands. He was upbraiding them for their lack of appreciation of the benefits that the Church conferred upon them. He complained bitterly of their want of generosity when the plate was passed around, and said that they would not hesitate to place every penny that they earned "upon their backs." "You are," said he, "dressed and fed like the children of noblemen. You would be living in the old country in hovels, crouched down on the roadside where, if one wanted to find if you were at home, he would have to call down the chimney." As soon as the congregation was dismissed these same young people assembled outside of the church, and with amusing mimicry indulged in polite conversation, shook hands with each other in the style exploited by the "society," stage and comic prints, and altogether showed that they were on the road to advancement. I must confess that I agreed with the pastor in his censure of their penury as concerned the church, but I saw in these youths the perhaps future hosts and hostesses of Newport, and maybe a stray Patriarch or so.

But now I wish to speak of the youth of our present set. An anxious papa, the other evening, drew me aside at a dinner and earnestly asked my advice as to what his son—a Sophomore at college—should order for the coming winter. This important query led me to review my past—how I dressed when a youth. I was at Eton, and naturally wore an Eton jacket and a tall hat from my earliest years. I agree with English writers on dress, that a boy, as soon as he emerges from petticoats, should adopt a tall hat. It gives him a sense of dignity and it teaches him during these tender years, to be courtly in manner and to be able to salute his acquaintances with a grace which it may take him a long period afterward to acquire. Of course, in America, this is impossible. A small boy in a top hat would be mobbed. This country is still young and it resents the introduction even now of foreign fashions. Boys here usually wear knickerbockers until they are thirteen, unless they are extraordinarily tall for their years. After that age they dress exactly as we do, except that they do not affect the swallow-tail and top hat until their eighteenth or nineteenth year.

Otherwise the youth of America lead the world. At all the watering places which I have visited in the past five years, they have been in the ascendant. This is especially noticeable at Southampton and Lenox, where very mature matrons dance attendance upon them on every occasion. They certainly show the refining influence for which the new world is so remarkable. And then, you know, they are so safe.

It astonishes me that American families of wealth do not adopt a recognized livery. They have usually all the colors of the rainbow to choose from, as so few of them bear coats-of-arms. To those bearing coats-of-arms there is no choice. They must use the family colors. For new people, it is best to select an inconspicuous shade of green, maroon, or blue, or even buff, or any combination that is in good taste, and then keep to it. The family colors should be as unchangeable as the family name. They are one's private signal, so to speak. One of our most celebrated mondaines at Newport, whose horses and carriages have caused her much annoyance, delights in a change of color whenever a new outfit is neccessary.

FOR A CENTURY AND A HALF

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HORSE NOTES

When the freight steamship Massachusetts hauled into her dock last week the first man to board her was Mr. W. O'Brien Macdonough, the California turfman, who a short time ago paid $150,000 for Ormonde, the thoroughbred stallion, said to be the best bit of thoroughbred horseflesh produced in this century of fast racers.

Mr. Macdonough's haste to board the crack freighter was pardonable, for in a handsome box stall on the lower deck his $150,000 purchase stood lazily munching on a portion of oats. The price was the highest ever paid for any single horse, and although it amounted to a neat fortune, the Prince of Wales said to the Duke of Westminster, his breeder and late owner, as the pair took a last farewell of Ormonde before the Massachusetts left the Royal Albert Dock, London: "Your Grace, I never could understand, and never shall, how you could ever make up your mind to part with this horse."

Ormonde is a rich bay with black points and a small white ring just around the off hind coronet. His eyes were bright and his coat glistened as would a piece of shot silk in the sunlight. Standing exactly 16¼ hands, with great length, the most perfect shoulders any horse ever had, and massive quarters, he presented a perfect picture of a king of his species. His legs are without a blemish, and although his pastern looks rather small for a horse of his inches and girth, it is set just right and his light springy step showed that the legs were sound as a dollar.

Ormonde was foaled in 1883 at Eaton Hall, Cheshire, the seat of the Duke of Westminster. He started in sixteen races, and although he flourished in an age of great race-horses, among them Bendigo, The Bard, St. Gatien, Minting and Paradox, he was never beaten. He eclipsed all of those mentioned, they being the Derby winners of former years; and even when his wind was a bit touched they failed to defeat him. This proved his great heart and muscular powers, and the remarkable form shown by the others when he was not a contestant against them proved conclusively that he was all that was claimed for him. As a three-year-old his victories were brilliant, for he had no trouble in winning the triple English racing crown, the Derby, the Two Thousand Guineas and the St. Ledger. Ormonde is by Bend Or, a son of Doncaster. His dam was Lizzie Agnes, a macaroni mare, and as this blood is considered one of the best strains that flows through a thoroughbred's veins, great things may be looked for in the get of Ormonde. Already the blood is beginning to show, for Orme, one of the get of the stallion, has proved himself to be almost as great a race-horse as was his sire. A number of brood mares, all supposed to be in foal to Ormonde, arrived on the same steamer. They, with the stallion, were shipped to Elizabeth, N. J., where they will rest until Mr. Macdonough takes them to his breeding farm in California in September.

The season at Meadowbrook has passed off so far without a fatal accident. For two years previous a life has been sacrificed each year to reckless riding while following the hounds. The worst accident this year was the fall of Dudley Winthrop, who was thrown from his pony last week while practicing at polo. Mr. Winthrop's mishap was purely accidental, but the sad death of Charles Cottenet was the result of the reckless riding of the Meadowbrook men. The autumn hunting season is coming on apace, and in a few weeks the hills in the vicinity of Meadowbrook and Roslyn will resound with the blast of the huntsmen's horn. The spring meets passed off without a single bad accident, but it was due more to good luck than to anything else that none were hurt. While following the Meadowbrook hounds in the spring I saw more reckless riding than ever a traveler saw among the Cossacks of the Don river district. The Meadowbrook huntsmen stop at nothing—not even at barbed-wire fences, and these are the most dangerous jumps that a horse can be brought to. In former seasons the attendance of ladies was a feature of the meets of the hounds, but during the spring only one woman, and she only one of the best horsewomen in the country, followed the hounds at Meadowbrook. This was Mrs. James L. Kernochan, Jr., who, as Eloise Stevenson, was one of the best riders in the Hempstead colony.

Miss May Bird followed the hunters in a trap, and looked out for her hard-riding brother Ollie, but for the first time in three years she failed to be one of the mounted band.

Sensations were abundant at the Buffalo Driving Park, on Friday of last week, when

the Grand Circuit fliers made their farewell appearance of the season at that place. The fields were small, but the three events were for a sum aggregating $12,500, and the trots were so closely contested that the spectators were kept on tiptoe, from start to finish. The consolation in the free-for-all brought three to the post. Ed. Geers drove the Californian, Flying Jib, and won the two first heats with him, but in the third the gelding went to pieces, and Major Wonder came on and won. He also won the two succeeding heats, the other two starters being distanced.

For weeks all lovers of the trotter have waited anxiously, wishing for a good day and track in order that Nancy Hanks might have a good chance to break the world's record of 2:04, made by herself. The mare was started in the tilt against her own time at Mystic Park last Saturday, but she was evidently not up to the task, for the best she could do was to trot the mile in 2:08¾.

At Newport this summer Frederick Vanderbilt is frequently seen on the road with Aldine, who with her mate Early Rose was owned by his father, the late William H. Vanderbilt. Early Rose has been bred to Almont Wilkes, and is at present on a stock farm near Burlington, Vt. H.

PLAY HOUSE GOSSIP

IT will be interesting to compare the performance of L'Enfant Prodigue, to be given on Monday night at Daly's Theatre, by the company of French players, with that given of the same piece three seasons ago at the same theatre by Mr. Daly's own company. L'Enfant Prodigue is best described as a musical play without words. Its pantomime concerns a young man, who, in a spirit of recklessness, wanders away from home and, after finding that the world is by no means so bright as it is painted, returns to his parents, receives their forgiveness, and marches off to fight for his country. The

Now is the time that all housekeepers should consider what decorations or improvements are to be made for the coming season. Do not wait until everybody wants things done at once, but put yourself in communication with me and everything in decorations, furniture and upholstery incident to a house will be executed in an artistic and conscientious manner. ALEXANDER MATIER.
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French cast includes M. Arnie Lachaume, Mme. Morin and M. Jean Arcueil.

Pantomime is a branch of the art of acting to which little attention has been given in America. So long as the actor is able to carry himself with dignity about the stage and enter and exit without clumsiness we are wont to consider him competent, in so far as his gestures are concerned. In France and Italy, on the other hand, pantomime has always been considered the most important thing. Frédéric Lemaitre, for instance, could indicate every emotion by the movements of his hands and arms. Those unacquainted with the Italian language who have witnessed the elder Salvini's performances can attest the fact that he made the story of the play perfectly clear to them, although they could not understand a word he said.

It will be remembered that when Miss Rehan and other members of Mr. Daly's company appeared in L'Enfant Prodigue they were able to keep it on the stage for only a portion of a week; whereas when the piece was produced in France it ran for a long time. I prophesy that when the French pantomime company produce the play on Monday we shall see a great deal that will interest us and the performance will be in the nature of a revelation.

Loie Fuller expresses considerable doubt to me as to whether she will be able to dance the serpentine very much longer. This is not because it is palling upon the public, but simply because her arms are becoming weakened by the constant strain imposed upon them by the dead weight of the various skirts she has to swing vigorously in order to obtain the desired effect. She will be able to remain in this country for only five weeks. After that she will return to Paris to fulfill a season's engagement there.

Clyde Fitch, the author of Beau Brummel and other comedies, has been attacked in print because he has had the audacity to make a dramatization of Balzac's novel, Père Goriot, and has made a success of the play, whereas the great French novelist was a self-confessed failure at playmaking. I fail to see wherein Mr. Fitch is to blame. He makes no secret of the fact that his play, which he has called A Shattered Idol, is founded on Père Goriot, but the dialogue and situations are entirely his own invention. It was produced at St. Paul, Minn., a few weeks ago, with George Fawcett as the sacrificing father and Carrie Turner as the selfish daughter, and in that section of the country, at any rate, it made a capital impression. It is Mr. Fawcett's intention, I believe, to have the play produced in this city some time this winter.

The number of American singers that have made distinguished successes upon the London stage is increasing at a rapid rate. It is altogether in excess of the number of successes made by English singers upon our own stage. In fact, all the best parts in light opera in England are allotted to Americans, or else to singers that have received their training and made their name known first in this country. I need only mention in this connection the names of Geraldine Ulmar, Atalie Clare-Rayne, Marion Manola, the Chevalier Scovil, Hayden Coffin, Cora Tinnie, Lillian Grubb, Esther Pallister, Marie Halton and Minnie Palmer.

The latest example of an American singer's success in London is furnished by the appearance at the Trafalgar Square Theatre of Sylvia Gerrish, a blonde burlesquer, who used to appear at the Casino three or four years ago. She is singing the rôle of Denise in the operetta Mademoiselle Nitouche. It is worth mentioning that Miss Gerrish's predecessor in the rôle was May Yohé, also an American singer, whose ability had never been detected over here. Perhaps it is that there is something in the London air that generates success for light opera singers who hail from these shores.

The revival of Clay M. Greene and Joseph Grismer's drama, The New South, which began at the Madison Square Theatre Monday, was the most artistic performance of the week. The only fault that can be found with the acting of Mr. Grismer and Phebe Davis, in the leading rôles, is that it is perhaps a trifle too deliberate. But, taken as a whole, the production is one of the most engrossing we have seen this year. George Fawcett now plays the character of the negro murderer, originated by James A. Hearne. When I saw Mr. Hearne's performance I thought it, in its delineation of brute terror, the most graphic and gruesome I had ever seen. I should like to add of Mr. Fawcett, though, that his interpretation of the rôle compares quite favorably with that of Mr Hearne, whom Mr. Fawcett acknowledges to be his preceptor.

Katherine Clemmons is the name of a young woman who is to make her first appearance on any stage this season, appearing at the Fifth Avenue Theatre some time in the autumn. Her leading man will be Frank Carlyle, who was leading man of A. M. Palmer's stock company for a short time last season. The financial manager of Miss Clemmons is Buffalo Bill, who saw her a year ago in amateur theatricals and thought he detected in her the elements of a great star. I am sure I hope she will turn out to be what is expected of her. It is not indicated, however, by the amusing paragraph Miss Clemmons's manager sends me: "Miss Clemmons will change her costume six times, wearing five dresses and a suit of armor and three different cloaks. The rest of the company will be dressed accordingly." Does that mean, may I ask, that every one of Miss Clemmons's support will wear five dresses and a suit of armor and three different cloaks? K.

BY THE SEA

UNder the warm summer skies, and by the most glorious of summer seas, the belles appear in costumes that are positively inspiring. I noticed at a morning concert a tall fair girl who wore a smart gown of black embroidered tulle with a wide flounce of black Brussels lace around the bottom of the skirt, put on with a ruche of rich black ribbon. The waist consisted of a blouse of blush-pink silk, with very full sleeves trimmed with many rows of black ribbon, baby width. A small jacket of fine black cloth, without sleeves, covered the back and sides of the blouse, but scarcely appeared in front. There was a little bonnet of pink and gold straw trimmed with a wired bow of black lace strewn with gold beads and narrow strings of lace. Some handsome black Brussels lace was draped over the pink parasol, which had a pink coral handle, and the little pointed shoes were of patent leather. Every one admired a wrap worn by a young matron. It was of the palest blue brocade, with high plaited collar, from which fell a Watteau in white and gold brocade. This pretty and becoming mantle was lined with pale gold color.

Many of the nicest bathing suits seen here are made of mohair, a material which does not sag nor become heavy in the water, like flannel or serge. Among the prettiest I have noted is one of mauvre-colored watered mohair trimmed with rows of purple braid, the blouse belted in and the sleeves made exactly like those of a gown, very full at the top, and ending in long cuffs from the elbow covered with rows of narrow pansy braid. There are mauve stockings, a pansy colored cravat knotted under the sailor collar, and a yellow silk handkerchief on the head, put on bandanna fashion so as to conceal the oil-skin cap beneath.

These lovely summer days at the seaside are full of an indescribable charm. The gaily dressed women strolling upon the beach, or watching the bathers from under the shade of the tents, the glistening sea, the deep blue sky and the soft music from the band stationed upon the lawn above, make life seem happy, bright and care-free. One is tempted, however, to ascribe the unusual beauty of the women this year to the parasols they carry. These cast their softly-tinted shadows upon the faces under them and the transparant tissues and chiffons of which they are made, especially those in pale pink and mauve, are very becoming and light up into beauty the faces they shade. A handsome dark-haired woman here, usually gowned in white, carries a parasol of amber-colored chiffon which gives an exquisite glow to her dark complexion.

We went in to town yesterday to see some lovely gowns and jackets fresh from Paris, and in regard to the former one is glad to state that there is a sensible diminution in the width of the skirts, the widest measuring not more than four and a quarter yards. The sleeves, also, are more moderate in dimensions, and while full and wide, are not as enormous as they were in the early summer. A charming gown was of robin's-egg-blue crêpe de Chine with a crinkled surface. The skirt, four yards in width, was trimmed above the deep hem with five rows of cream guipure insertion under which was passed pale olive ribbons, each one ending on the left side in a flat bow. The waist was of the blue crêpe covered with bands of narrower insertion than that on the skirt, and in these also were run olive ribbons. The full sleeves were of pale olive satin to the elbows, where they were met by long guipure cuffs fitting the arm closely and reaching to the wrist. The belt was of olive satin plaited and fastened in front with a buckle of malachite. Small buttons of the same fastened the lace cuffs on the outside of the arm.

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